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Judge

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THE TRANSATLANTIC RECORD-BREAKING CRAZE.

ENGINEER—"If I put on another pound of steam, captain, I'll blow the boilers clean out of her."
CAPTAIN—"Let her bust! We're going for record, not safety!"

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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MRS. FOLSOM is a charming bride, and not altogether because she is the mother of her daughter.

* * *

ENGLAND cannot be charged with the murder of any Irishman as long as she is able to hire Irishmen to commit the crime.

* * *

THE MURDER of Dr. Cronin of Chicago invites thought as to the time when Irishmen may defy the world by trusting each other.

* * *

HER MAJESTY of Great Britain has successfully passed her seventieth birthday. Long life to her, even to her days of seventy-six.

* * *

THE POWER of the press is great; but if young Bennett finds Gordon he will have to do it by proxy—the proxy, that is to say, of Gordon.

* * *

MR. DANA'S effort to make the Democratic a protection party is worthy of praise, but we never saw an animal on four legs that knew how to lay eggs.

* * *

"DEAL US A HAND," says the reverend editor of the New York *Herald*. These are strange words. Will you kindly give us their explanation, Brother Shepard?

* * *

MR. RANDALL is so pronounced in his surprise that a president shouldn't be satisfied with one term, one is surprised that Mr. Randall shouldn't be satisfied with a great many.

* * *

DURING sixteen months thirteen excise inspectors of this city died of alcoholism. It is almost as dangerous to be an excise inspector as a prohibitionist.

* * *

ELECTIONS in Guthrie, Oklahoma, are so frequent that one fears the ballots will presently be shot at the inspectors from the noisy mouth of the revolver.

* * *

KING HUMBERT decided not to go with King William to Strasburg because the visit would humiliate the French. Now let his majesty get out of Italy so as not to irritate the pope.

* * *

THE DOCTOR of this period is so hasty that every man ought to carry on his porous plaster the words, "Do not dissect me till I am dead," the plaster would be so handy as a means to quench the blood.

* * *

IT IS ODD that the Democratic party should take time so by the forelock in the issue of '92, especially when one remembers that it didn't discover anything particular about the late war till it was all over.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND makes a speech as solid and subdued as the evening dress of a baron or a banker; but David B. Hill has all the color of a peacock in his enunciations, and that counts wid de boys.

A FALSE ALARM.

MR. BRECKENRIDGE—"Hi, dar, yo' folks! Bettah git out. I heered d' flo' crack."
MR. COALES—"Kim back heah, yo' fool coon. Dat wuz Miss Winders smackin' her lips ober d' ice-cream."

JERE RUSK knows how to swing a scythe, and he is so bluff and honest that lots of men are given to scythes that he can't go higher.

* * *

THE MAN who committed suicide for love of Lydia Thompson acted with great wisdom. It is difficult to see how he could have avoided it.

* * *

THE RIGHT of a lawyer to libel in court the man he is employed to oppose is unquestionable; but we should think some lawyers would have their noses so pulled that they would have to wear them as a four-in-hand.

* * *

DEACON WHITE has perhaps been libeled, but Wall street is such free fighting-ground that the Wall-street man who sues for damages unavoidably gives out the impression that he is not as white as he has been painted.

* * *

NOBODY KNEW why the sun shone so brightly and the brooks and birds purled and caroled so gaily the other day; but next morning it was announced that Poet and General and Papa John Cochrane had been given another office.

* * *

IT TRANSPIRES through the vetoes of the governor that there is no reform of the ballot-box in this state. It is wonderful how much evil there is in any proposed reform in comparison with the evil that is known to exist and which every good man regrets.

* * *

TAMMANY HALL rules out the County Democracy. Now let the free-trade Democrats rule out those more ridiculous mugwumps, about seven in number, who call themselves the protection Democracy. Let men carry their appropriate colors even if they have to steal them.

* * *

THE HISSING of Kyrle Bellew in a Chicago theatre was a partial vindication of American opinion as to the right of which there can be no question; but it is a pity his friend Mrs. Carter can't be put on the stage, that there may be a vindication to the point of her immediate disappearance.

LINCOLN AND CHASE

SALMON P. CHASE, as Messrs. Nicolay and Hay show between the lines, was a thorough patriot as well as a great war financier. His mistake lay in underestimating Lincoln and overestimating himself, and so many great men are given to that that it is of all others the pardonable sin. But Mr. Lincoln was so different! While he never forgot that he was the chief executive, half the time he didn't know that such a man as Abraham Lincoln had an existence. That is the nearest approach to Christ that any man ever accomplished; and he wore his innumerable thorns with a grace, a manliness, and a silence that have been equaled only once in the history of the world.

WHAT WE DECORATED.

WE DECORATED not only graves. We decorated life and ambition and nationality. The union of the states is more firmly established to-day than it ever was before. The great centennial marches, in which the military spirit was honored along with the industrial; in which black and white were equally cheered; in which the gray was given as much enthusiasm as the blue; in which every adopted citizen and every adopted art and teacher of art were given glory—these gave to us assurance, if we have not the reality, that we are to be the greatest as well as the most liberal nation in the world. The men buried nearly thirty years ago made all this possible—those who were true and those who rebelled. It was the gospel of fire that is sometimes necessary in great things to attain great results; and every soldier who sleeps under the flowers of this June was as truly a martyr for posterity as the martyrs of the various churches who died of torture centuries ago.

IT IS THOUGHT by some that the shah of Persia ought to spell his title with a p.

* * *

PROVERB by the coaching club — A four-in-hand is better than six in the bush.

* * *

MOTTO BY GRANT —Hugh to the Tammany tree, let the chips fall where they may.

* * *

THE QUEEN will entertain her grandson, William of Germany, with such extreme enthusiasm that he will be fortunate if she doesn't hug him to death.

* * *

EVERY DAY the Democratic newspaper sends Blaine and Windom out of the cabinet; but entire justice is done, because the departing ministers are recalled in the second edition.

* * *

IT IS NECESSARY in Dansville, N. Y., to send a Faulkner to prison in order to keep his brother from going there, and each brother is doing his best to save himself. There has been nothing more pathetic since the period of Cain and Abel.

* * *

THEY TELL of a Michigan rooster which had his head chopped off and is still living, and apparently as healthy and happy as if he were a rooster from head to tail. That is not so very curious, however. Lots of men have been known to lose their heads and go around very much improved because of the absence of the same.

A WISE EXPEDIENT.

MAUD—"So you are going to marry your father's cashier."
ISABELLA—"Yes. I'a says that if he runs away with the bank's funds, the money will still be in the family."

DIPLOMACY.

A SPANISH editor is suffering for having said that the duke of Edinburg was suffering from alcoholism. As we have frequently remarked, courtesy demands that the truth shall not only not be spoken at all times, but shall be used as little as possible whenever the afflictions peculiar to royalty become excessive. We have long known that the duke's trouble was measles, but why add to the original eruption by publication of the fact?

HOW STRANGE!

IF A JUDGE were to say at the beginning of a criminal trial that the man at the bar had been predestined to conviction he would be under trial for impeachment before he could make another decision; and it is undoubtedly true that the sentiment which most blasphemes justice and mercy has been that which assumed to teach them and preach them in their highest estate. Yet the ablest and the strictest theologians are men with hearts so tender that they would not needlessly tread upon a worm.

THE FIRST PICNIC OF THE SEASON.

MRS. MILTBY—"It's very strange. I'm sure I packed a lemon-méringue in the basket for dessert."

MR. MILTBY (*as the procession moves*)—"You're always forgetting something, my dear."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

THE DEVILS of religion are decreasing in exact proportion to the increase of its angels.

Wine is not poured into broken goblets; neither does a noble friendship come to the ignoble.

If friendship recognizes any obligation, the benefactor is he who receives and the benefited he who confers the benefit.

It is easier to suspect everybody than to keep the kernel of one's faith uncorrupted by a careful discrimination.

It is in a single honest and disinterested friendship to outweigh all the dissatisfaction caused by a disappointing world.

There comes a time when meditation has served its full purpose and only action can adequately carry the stress of one's being.

Even less than a reed may show which way the tempest blows, and it lies in the use of a punctuation-mark to reveal wonders.

The marriage of convenience may have served our progenitors. The nineteenth century, its intelligence on the one hand and its general dissatisfaction on the other, demands that it be something more.

The impatient believe or disbelieve, give faith or deny it, become unjustly suspicious or remain unduly credulous. Only those made patient by the necessity of long-imposed thought will take the trouble to adjust the finely balanced scale of justice.

There is a certain habit of precision which in one's self becomes tedious to a degree, the lack of which would be unpardonable negligence in one's friend, while in another its occasional absence reveals a charming abandon which is most refreshing.

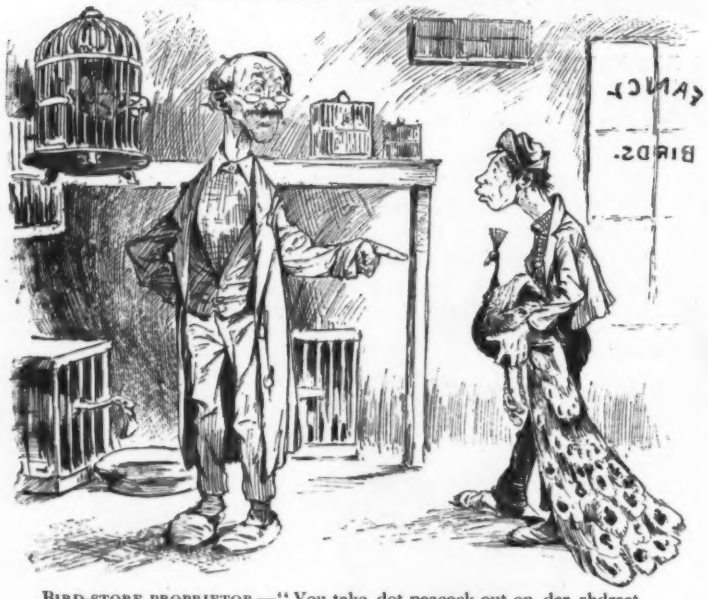
KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

HIS INDIVIDUAL CLAIM.

NEWSPAPER MAN—"Waiting for anything?"

OKLAHOMA BOOMER—"Bet yer life I am. I'm waitin' fer some snoozer ter try ter git this lot away from me. I come late, but I captured all I could. Mosey along, now, or I'll pop."

AN ENTIRELY RETAIL TRADE.



BIRD-STORE PROPRIETOR—"You take dot peacock out on der shdreet unt sell him fer dwenty-fife tollar, I gifs you dwendy-fife cends."

HUM OF THE COURT.

MR. GERRY has a society for the propagation of cruelty to children.

FANNY DAVENPORT has bought a new husband, and has closed out the second-hand ones regardless of price.

GREAT TRUTHS—That Governor Hill wants reform at the polls and that there are no mosquitoes in New Jersey.

THE AIR of England has brought the roses back to Mary Anderson's cheeks; and that is the best war of the roses that has occurred in the history of England.

LORD LONSDALE has encountered unnumbered perils in his study of arctic geography, and they are likely to destroy him now that he seems to have recovered from them.

MRS. CLEVELAND didn't kiss her new papa, Mr. Perrine, after the recent nuptial ceremony. She may not have wanted to do it, but she ought to have kissed him for her mother.

ASSEMBLYMAN CROSBY says infallibility doesn't exist outside of the Vatican and the *Evening Post*. We never expected to see the corns and claims of George Jones trodden upon with such large boots as those.

A RECENT DECISION is to the effect that to publish the news is not libelous. The thing for complainants to look out for is that they shall omit to produce the news in which they libel themselves.

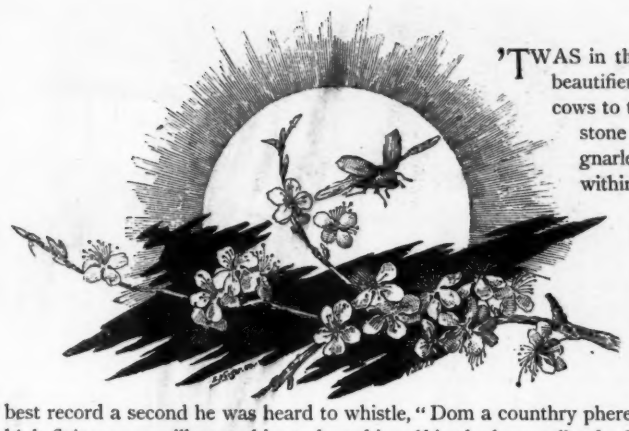
MR. TOWNE in his relations with Mr. Depew made a very natural mistake. It is impossible in a letter to give the details of any proposed arrangement, and Mr. Towne undoubtedly thought he was hired for the next centennial at a salary of $10,000 a year.

IN MINNESOTA drunkenness is a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, whether the drunkenness inspires hilarity or not. Now let us make the more legitimate article of gluttony a crime, and in due season, whatever becomes of the law, all the world can live in prison at the expense of the outside taxpayers.

THE CASE of Irving Bishop suggests a possibility that men will presently be dissected even if it is known that they are alive. Now, while the demands of science are large, nobody should be treated that way except by his own permission—unless, indeed, he should happen to be the dissecting surgeon himself.

HIS ASSISTANT (*later in the day*)—"No party seemed t' want th' hull bird, boss, but I cleaned up fifteen dollars sellin' th' feathers."

AN EVENING PASTORAL.



'TWAS in the gloaming, and the gloaming was putting in its best work as a soother and a beautifier of field, copse, and meadow. One kind man, Armand McGuire, was driving the cows to the scene of their nightly lacteal robbery, and had paused at an angle of the old stone wall to watch a belated bird which was trying to reach its nest in a crevice of a gnarled apple-tree. Armand had led a purely municipal and urban life in Dublin up to within three weeks of this special evening, and the sights and sounds of the country were new and strange to him.

At last the little bird, tired by its efforts to find a lodgment, alighted on top of the wall, and Armand approached to get a nearer view of it. Nearer and nearer he came, and as the tame little thing looked up at him in a trusting and confident way he finally put out his hand to caress it. Armand would not have injured a worm, but a bumble-bee would injure him and that one did, by plunging its boarding-pike into his thumb clear up to where the soft, yellow fur began. As Armand unleashed his feet and loitered toward the house at the rate of the best record a second he was heard to whistle, "Dom a counthry phere th' birruds wear their beaks on their tails." He's afraid of a robin now, and a high-flying crow will cause him to bury himself in the barn cellar for hours at a time.

PULLING THROUGH.

HE DID business in a small way in a western New York city. He ran a store where he sold hats when any one by accident got into the place, and he made fur garments during the very short season when such work is in demand.

I met him in December, and asked him about business. "Poor, very poor," he said. "There hasn't been any decent weather for furs. I haven't earned my salt all winter."

"Perhaps business will improve," I suggested, hopefully.

"Well, if it doesn't in the next three months I'm a goner," he said. "In summer my business will be good."

I met him again in August. "Well," I said, "I see you still keep in business."

"Yes," he answered, with a downcast air, "but prospects are very poor. There hasn't been any decent weather for hats this summer. If I can only pull through three months longer, until the fur business begins, I'm all right."

Every December and every August for seven years I have gone through those same conversations with that man. What intense satisfaction it would be to me to wake some morning and find that he had actually made an assignment no one can ever know.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

Two smokers are conversing.

"Don't you find it awfully difficult, old boy, to tumble on to a good pipe?"

"Yes — without breaking it."

THOSE NEW SPRING HATS.

MR. SOWERS (*from Jehokeyville, N. J.*)—"*That* air dame don't seem ter keep it off wuth a cent."

A BRILLIANT PUPIL.

MR. TWITLEY (*being initiated*)—"I think I understand now how to bet, but what do you say when you want to stop?"
MR. FRENCH—"Simply say 'I call.'"
MR. TWITLEY—"All right. I call."
MR. FRENCH—"What yer got?"
MR. TWITLEY (*triumphantly, and reaching for the stakes*)—"Big casino!"

SUBURBAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

(AS THEY SHOULD BE.)

The-Manor-on-the-Hudson.— Beautiful view from the neighboring hills, only three miles away. Boating good, but no boats. Very stylish and ultra-English in all respects. Three leaders of society already here, and others will be welcome. The more the merrier.

Bottom-land, Virginia.—A charming place, shut out from all cares of the world and civilization. Nothing but negroes and fleas. Three mails a week and a weekly paper.

N. B.— Space in the paper for sale to visitors at a low rate.

Hobville, near Hob, N. H.—A village of one hundred inhabitants, all of them genuine down-east folk. A good place for a novelist to study character — if he can find it. Three churches, closed all summer owing to the pastors having gone to the Paris exposition.

Da-dum, Long Island.— Long, dreary stretches of sand and marshes on all sides. Fifty miles from Coney Island. No malaria, no mosquitoes, no inhabitants — nothing. People wanted to inhabit the village not yet built. No references required.

Way-up, Catskill mountains.—A genuine place abounding in primeval forests and relics of a lost race of Indians. Fine trout-streams in near vicinity. Large shooting-grounds one mile away.

N. B.—The trout-streams and shooting-grounds are private preserves.

A POKERISH SUBJECT.

WE KNOW by the platitude hoary
That "a cat may look at a king,"
And we also know from the story
That the sight costs never a thing.

It's a point in a feline's favor,
For we know, too, one and all,
That the price of a sight of a king with us
Depends on who's got the call. G.

A THREE-MINUTE HORSE.

Friend—"I understand, Zeke, that you have a fine horse there."

Uncle Zeke—"Yes, 'ndeed, boss. My Lucy am a fine trottah. She am a t'ree-minit hoss."

Friend—"You don't mean to say that the animal can go a mile in three minutes?"

Uncle Zeke—"Who's talkin' 'bout a mile? All reckods in dis yere kentry, boss, am fer quattah-mile. She am a t'ree-minit hoss, boss, a t'ree-minit hoss."

WE SHOULD NEVER LAUGH, ON THE "L,"

At

The man who runs wildly for the train which doesn't start for ten minutes.

The severe old party who seems unconscious of his song-and-dance umbrella.

The polite youth who follows the tailor-made girl the whole length of the car, with a paper she has forgotten, only to find that she does not want it.

The fat man who struggles with the immovable window and then tries to look as though nothing had happened.

The conductor who calls out the stations with dramatic effect.

The married man, with a blonde hair on the shoulder of his overcoat, trying to flirt with the gentlemanly young type-writer girl.

The young person who takes notes on her cuff and gets carried eight blocks beyond her street.

Otherwise,

KATE MASTERSON.

WHY A WEST POINT RESIGNATION WAS REQUESTED.

LIEUTENANT—"Don't you know enough to salute your superior officer?"
NEW SENTRY—"I did, sir."
LIEUTENANT—"I failed to see you."
NEW SENTRY—"Just as you came along I said 'Ah, there!' but I guess you didn't hear me."

HIS NECK IN THE YOKE.

Grafton—"Aw, Algy, where did you get that stunning collar you're wearing? 'Alf the fellows 'ave spoken to me about it to-day, and I'll bet it'll be all the wage."

Baboony (whispering)—"'Sh, Cholly! I wun short o' collahs this mawning, and baw Jove, to tell the truth, this is one o' my cuffs I've put on."

A PRETTY JAPANESE PROVERB.

"Be like the tree that covers with flowers the hand that shakes it."

AGAINST HIS PRINCIPLES.

Visitor—"Who's your wife's doctor, uncle?"

Uncle Silas—"Oh, she allus has one o' these 'ere blamed prohibitionists."

Visitor—"Why, what do you mean? I thought she was a homœopathist."

Uncle Silas—"Wall, 't amounts ter the same thing; they don't neither on 'em b'leve in takin' nuthin'."

OUT HUNTING.

"My dear fellow, you can't imagine how I felt the first time I caught sight of a squirrel—a real, live squirrel! My heart jumped into my throat. What joy! What emotion! I raised my gun to my shoulder, took aim, and fired. The gun went off all right"——

"Yes; I hope you didn't miss."

"And so did the squirrel."

CUI BONO?

First workingman—"Let's go to the art museum."

Second workingman—"Closed on Sundays, you know."

Third workingman—"Well, let's take a ride in the stage, up Fifth avenue."

Second workingman—"Don't run on Sundays."

First workingman—"Gad! then let's go in Van Bier's back door and fill up."

THE AGE OF MECHANISM.

MR. SENNINGER—"Can I—may I hope that you will be mine?"
MISS PEACHBLOW—"Click!"

BUYING GLOVES.

OF ALL things, Jack! And where on earth did *you* appear from, pray?
(Good-by, Helene.) Dear girl! Oh, *she* knows better than to stay,
Although we started out together shopping down Broadway.

I rather think she hopes to meet that handsome big George Wright.
She knows I'd do as much for her if he should come in sight.
Oh, yes, she's very fond of him, and he's attentive, quite.

I AM going shopping, truly, Indeed, I must. Now, dear,
You needn't talk such nonsense. Does it seem so very queer
That I'm really out on business and can't stand chatting here?

Good gracious! Go up-town with *you?* You foolish boy! But see,
I must be home for dinner, and 'tis almost half-past three.
I've quite a dozen things to get, and Nell may wait for me.

What are the dozen things? Well, gloves (I ought to buy a veil),
A yard of lace, and—gloves. But I am not bound to retail
The list. They've got nice gloves at Hand's to-day—a special sale.

Of course I'd *love* to go with you—you know I would. The park
Is always my temptation, and I *should* enjoy a lark.
But no—no—no. We couldn't possibly get home till dark.

I can't. I won't. I daren't! And you *shall not* call a hack.
The elevated's quicker. . . . And please do listen, Jack.
I really must stop *somewhere* for gloves, as we come back.

M. S. BRIDGES.

NOT HIS TURN.

Woodbee Smarte (as pretty shop-girl gets on the car, pointing to chunk of gum over the window by her)—"Thaw's yaw gum, sis."

Sis (offering it to him)—"It's my cousin's turn to have it this trip, but I am sure she'll lend it to you, for you certainly need something to hold your mouth together."

UNANIMITY AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

OUR FOOD-DISPENSER—"What part do you prefer, Mr. Pipegrass?"

CHORUS OF { MR. SWITZER— MR. CHUBBS— MR. GOWAY— MR. HOLDER— } "I want leg."

OUR FOOD-DISPENSER—"Gents, this ain't no centipede."

AN IRREPRESSIBLE

Bertie—"Pa, a little stream is a streamlet, isn't it?"

Pa—"Yes, Bertie."

Bertie—"Well, pa, is a cutlet a little cut, and a hamlet a little ham, and a gimlet a little gim, and a pamphlet a little pamph?"

Pa—"Oh, go away, Bertie. I want a little quiet."

Bertie—"Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?"

NO POETRY IN HIS

"No," he sighed, wearily, as the train sped on toward the big city, "no; there isn't much poetry in my life."

"What might be your business?" asked the man in the same seat.

"I am employed by a leading publishing house to examine all verses submitted to it for publication."

A SYMPOSIUM.

WE HAVE secured at great expense the opinions of the following distinguished people upon the all-absorbing topic of contemporaneous human interest, "The Evolution and Status of the Dude." In these days of many symposia this one will easily be awarded the palm for novelty, originality, frankness, and general imaginative quality.

E——A W——R W——X.—The dude was once a man who loved a blush-rose so passionately that he lost his brains in the attempt to express himself. That is why the dude nowadays halts in his speech, for his language is too profound to run smoothly. Any attempt at easy and correct conversation ends in collapse or hysteria.

PROF. R. O——N D——S, Bellevue hospital medical college.—This is to certify that the specimen of the dude submitted to me was subjected to chemical analysis, and, strange to say, when I got through with him there was nothing left of him. There was a very minute brown spot left in the chief retort, which under the microscope looked like the chewed end of a paper cigarette, but I won't swear that even that was left of him. (Please send check when convenient.)

T——S A. E——N.—The dude is destined to become the best substance for a carbon substitute in the electric light, and the sooner he is made use of the better.

DR. J——N H——L, New York university.—The dude enters as a freshman, but by the time he becomes a senior he learns how to classify himself and wilts. Genus *Lemuridæ*, mostly nocturnal soft wool (instead of brains), and looks best when stuffed. Some day they will be used by ladies for their hats instead of humming-birds.

E——R S——S.—A youth with flamboyant manner (see Fairholt on Architecture), with an air of eternal sopition (obsolete—that's why I use the word) about him, eyes as opium-soaked as an eastern houri's (a mixed figure, but one which will give me an advertisement), and a tongue as eloquent as a buzz-saw intent on business.

E. B——Y W——L.—A dude is the noblest work of the tailor, haberdasher, shoemaker, and barber.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

MR. HAGGENRATH—"Just wait till I get up, my dear, and I'll give you some change myself."

BEN THE CONQUE

Is this the man who was said by the Democrat to be too

After Gérôme's great painting, "Victorious Love."

HE CONQUEROR.

mocrat to be too small to rule the Republican party?

A TERRIBLE TALE.

N THE GREWSOME glum of his chamber dim, as the flappering flame burnt low, he thought him a think of a female grim, as he dreamt of the long ago, and his memory dwelt on the sourful scene when Lucretia bowled him o'er for a Turk whose figure was lank and lean, but who wallowed in gold galore.

Oh, the sniggering wail of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!

And the gallful thought of the whole blamed thing did so settle upon his brain that the deepsome state of his suffering made him jibber and jounce with pain, till the blank-blank fool at the end gave way to the glamour of suicide—alas, for the cold of his clamsome clay, for he blew out the gas, and—died!

Oh, the sniggering wail of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!

MOST LIKELY.

Teacher (trying to illustrate the difference between the words ride and drive)—"Now, if your little sister got on a horse, what would she do?"

Little Johnnie—"Fall off."

A NEW DISCOVERY.

First diner—"What's that name on the bill of fare?"
Second diner—"That's French for pigeon, Charley."
First diner—"Ah, pigeon English, eh?"

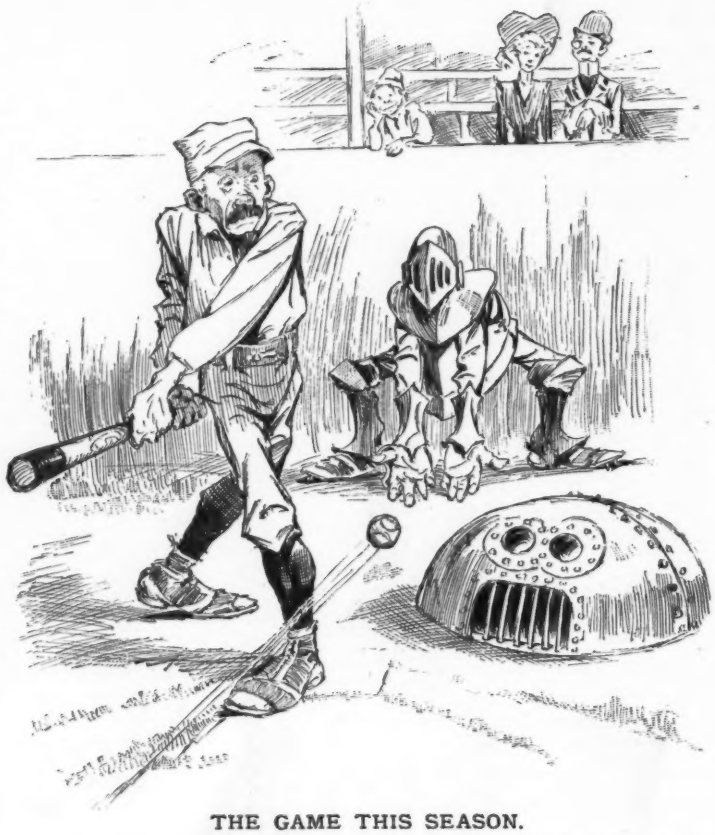
THE SONG SETTLED IT.

Mother—"Didn't you and Mr. Schmidt have a pleasant time last night?"

Daughter—"Excuse me from any more German bakers."

Mother—"Why, I thought you liked him."

Daughter—"Well, I did, mother, but I never before heard him sing 'My loaf for you will nefer, nefer tie."



THE GAME THIS SEASON.

LADY ON THE GRAND STAND—"What's that thing that looks like a kettle down there, George?"
VOICE FROM THE KETTLE—"One strike!"

A SHINING LIGHT.

Minister—"Yes, indeed, we have some liberal donations every Sunday."

Friend—"The people give according to their means, I suppose."

Minister—"Yes, and a good many of them stint themselves in order to give to the Lord. Now, there's editor Blake of the weekly *Record*, for instance, who never brings less than seven potatoes."

SUPREME CONTEMPT.

MR. IPSTEIN (*who has been shipwrecked*)—"Holt on, mein frent! Vat you goin' ter charge?"
RESCUING SKIPPER—"Why, nothing."
MR. IPSTEIN—"Move along. I don'd go me on a shibp mit such a tam fool."

IN THE SCALES.

THE TROUT season's open, and sportsmen now look
For a chance to betake them to some purling brook,
Where the fish, so they say, quickly jump at the hook,
Though where it may be—well, really, you see—
They don't like to give it away.

With one little fish they return home at night,
And for reasons quite prudent they keep it from sight,
But tell of the size as leviathan, quite—
No doubt it is so—but somehow, you know—
They don't like to give it a weigh.

FRED. H. CURTISS.

IN NO HURRY.

Two friends are conversing.

"Take my advice and get married."

"I have a horror of perpetual slavery."

"Ah, my dear boy, if you only could find a wife like mine—so good, so kind, so affectionate, so devoted."

"Well, then, I'll wait till she's a widow."

STUDYING HUMAN NATURE.

Kindly disposed gentleman—"And so your father has put you in a dry-goods store, has he, Johnny?"

Johnny (aged twelve)—"Yes, sir; pa wants me to study human nature."

Kindly disposed gentleman—"Are you getting any good results from the study, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Yes, sir; last week I got a dollar and a half and the promise of a raise."

The more perfect a friendship at the beginning, the more stale and unprofitable will it become by contrast, without the influx of a daily inspiration.

A SONG.

Love was coming down the lane,
Wingéd, rosy, blind;
In his hand his little bow,
Quiver snug behind.

Now, thought I, he cannot see;
If I stand aside,
He must pass me ignorant,
Therefore satisfied.

Kept I silent in my place;
Near, more near, he came,
While the beating of my heart
Fanned each cheek to flame.

And I, anxious, held my breath.
He will pass me—no!
He is crying! Pretty dear,
It should not be so.

Touched with pity, then quoth I:
"Weep, oh, weep, no more!"
And he, laughing, sent this shaft
To my bosom's core.

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Old lady—"I hope, my boy, you don't sell papers on Sunday?" *Small newsboy* (sadly)—"No, mum; I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Johnny Dumpsey (with inflated paper-bag)—"S'h-h! See me bu'st this bag by grandma's ear." *Grandma* (after the explosion, placidly laying her knitting in her lap and looking toward the door)—"Come in."—*Burlington Free Press.*

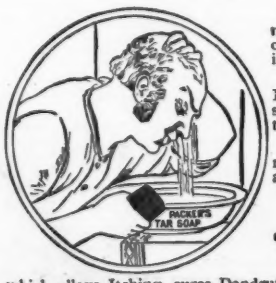
Henpecked husband (reading the paper and rocking the cradle)—"Ahem! the bustle is going out, I see." *Vixenish wife* (who has just finished dressing)—"You bet it is, and I am going with it. You take care of that baby till I get back."—*Boston Courier.*

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

We always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of JUDGE, for it weekly contains some of the finest representations of political folly that ever appear in the public illustrated press. Its double-page picture of the four hundred swell New Yorkers bowing down in worship to an English dude, with Washington looking on in disgust, could not be excelled by the pen of any human caricaturist. It is a severe rebuke to wealthy Americans for aping the English styles so persistently. JUDGE is brimful of true wit and comic illustrations.—*Odd-Fellows Mail, Salt Lake, Utah.*

There is usually more or less soreness existing between the barber and the customer who gets the close shave.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Gen. Fisk takes occasion to deny the report that he has given his allegiance to the Republican party, and says: "I am holding up the prohibition banner on the highest summit to which I can climb." Gen. Fisk is an estimable man, and it seems almost a pity that his opportunities for climbing are so poor.—*Nebraska Journal.*



"**DANDRUFF** should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS.**"

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S Tar Soap

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. **25 cents.** Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.
Sample (half cake), 10c. stamps, if JUDGE is mentioned.

THE FOUR WISHES.

I.

I'd like to be a robin red, who wakes you in the morning
With a merry song of greeting, when from pleasant dreams you rise,
For you don't reject his poetry as you do mine with scorning,
Or twit him of his twitter with a frown in his blue eyes.

II.

I'd like to be the poodle who lives in a silk-lined basket
Whom you feed on potted chicken, and who wears a chain of gold.
How you fondle and caress him, though I'm sure he don't ask it;
Now I'd appreciate it, and *my* nose is never cold!

III.

I'd like to be the blue-bottle who perches on your forehead,
And walks about stately o'er your classic Roman nose.
You'd scarcely speak to me if just one little kiss I borrowed,
Yet you let him march about your face with jam upon his clothes.

IV.

But most of all I fondly wish, since I can ne'er delight you,
Or awaken any feeling in your Knickerbocker face,
Is to be that lawless Jerseyite, with privilege to bite you—
The mosquito who comes singing, and who always knows his place.

—*DeLancey Pierson in Pittsburg Bulletin.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

"Death must be sweet," said Mary Skinner, of Chicago, as she tumbled into the river off a drawbridge. "You must be a good deal of a fool!" observed the old sailor who pulled her out, "to try this way when pizen is so cheap."—*Free Press.*

THE NEW MODEL
AIR-TIGHT RUBBER TIP
PEARL MUCILAGE.

Pat'd in U. S., Canada, Gt. Britain, Europe, and Australia.

NO *Cork! Evaporation! Spilling!*

Neater, Cleaner, Stronger,
BETTER THAN EVER.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
Sample by mail 25 cents.
NASSAU MANUF'G CO., Sole Manuf'rs
140 Nassau Street, New York, U. S. A.

THE BEST MUCILAGE IN THE BEST BOTTLE.

THE BYRON ROLL
WILL BE THE FAVORITE COLLAR FOR THE COMING SEASON.

"This collar is constructed upon lines practically adapted from the celebrated rolling neck-band of Lord Byron. It is made both sides of the best grade 2100 linen, four ply, and with hand-made button holes. It stands 1½ inches behind, and combines the advantages of both a standing and a turn-down collar. There is no edge seam at the top, the collar being cut from continuous strips of linen, and bent over smoothly at the back. A great advantage is that it can be laundered without any difficulty. The points roll out gracefully in a Byronic curve, serving the two fold purpose of beauty and convenience. The is admirably adapted to the full scarfs so much in vogue. It is a high-class novelty"—*From the Men's Outfitter, New York City.*

Byron Roll

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY WILLIAM BARKER,
Manufacturer of the "Barker Brand" All Linen Collars and Cuffs.
TROY, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS

Doctor (to lady of the upper ten)—"Your husband has the yellow fever—a hopeless case." [Exit] *Lady* (to servants)—"Bring my husband down stairs and put him in the yellow sitting room—he must die matching the furnitnre."—*Epoch.*

"What are Bermuda potatoes?" he asked of a Woodward avenue grocer yesterday. "Why, potatoes from Bermuda of course." "Oh, they are! Then Paris green is green from Paris, is it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Kodak.

A WARNING.

UNAUTHORIZED parties are advertising a Camera which they claim is similar to the Kodak, loaded with our film. (We are the only manufacturers of continuous films in the world.) We warn the public that the said Camera is entirely unsuitable for using our films and we decline to be responsible for any failures resulting from its use.

THERE IS ONLY ONE CAMERA

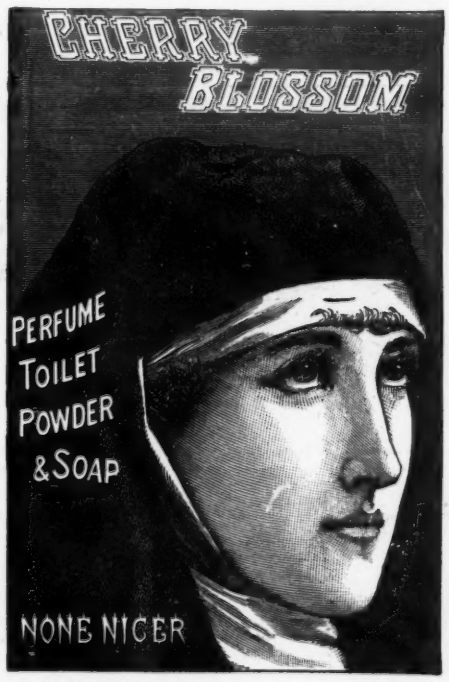
that is sent out loaded with 100 Eastman's films, and that is the Kodak. The patents on the Kodak and film are all owned by us and infringers will be prosecuted.

Send for Kodak Primer, free.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE,
115 Oxford St., London.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

28 DRAWINGS ANNUALLY

ON FIVE OF THE

Best European Premium Bonds.

$5.00 will secure these splendid chances for you.

GRAND PRIZES OF

$500,000, $200,000, $100,000, Etc.

These Bonds are sold in accordance with the laws of the United States, and are not regarded as a lottery scheme by United States Courts. Every Bond must be redeemed with the *Full Nominal Value*, or draw a *Premium*.

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86 and 88 Wall Street, New York.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY,

78 to 86 Trinity Place, New York.

Business founded 1795. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1858. Reorganized 1879.

Engravers and Printers of Bonds, Postage and Revenue Stamps, Legal Tender and National Bank Notes of the United States; and for Foreign Governments.

Engraving and Printing, Bank Notes, Share Certificates, Bonds for Governments and Corporations, Drafts, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Stamps, etc., in the finest and most artistic style from Steel Plates, with Special Safeguards to Prevent Counterfeiting. Special papers manufactured exclusively for use of the Company.

Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing. Railway Tickets of Improved Styles. Show Cards, Labels, Calendars. Blank Books of Every Description.

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LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS

BEST IN THE WORLD, $1.00 PER POUND, IN ELEGANT METAL BOX. BY MAIL IN ONE AND TWO POUND BOXES: LARGER PACKAGES BY EXPRESS. RETAIL BRANCH, 45 WEST ST., BOSTON.

BARRY'S Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

ESTABLISHED 1801

The Oldest and the Best. Revives the perishing hair. It is not a dye, yet it darkens, renews, glosses, preserves and multiplies the fibres, and thoroughly cleanses the scalp.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York City.

HIGH-GRADE ONLY.

COLUMBIA

Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems, Safeties.

Catalogue free. POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 35 LaFayette, Ind.

The man who stutters conveys his thought by limited express.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Indian meal—Anything the Indian can get to eat without working for it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A good business dog is always looking for a snap job whenever he starts out on a tramp.—*Baltimore American.*

"You are all the world to me," affectionately remarked Noah as he surveyed his menagerie.—*Hotel Mail.*

"Oh, let me cool my aching head," she exclaimed, throwing open the window during a summer shower—and the rain began to pat her on the pain.—*Hotel Mail.*

"The Nibelungen Lied," says a head-line in a daily paper. That settles it, then. We shall never believe the Nibelungen in this world again.—*Somerville Journal.*

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked. "Back's sore, ma'am." "What made it sore?" "Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this mornin' and I laughed."—*Epoch.*

Rheumatism is essentially a disease of the blood, and a result of imperfect retrograde change in that fluid so that it yields an excess of lithic acid during the excretory process. The grain in Rheumatism is caused by little crystals in contact with the sheaths of nerves, which become the seat of soreness or suffering. To so change the constituents of the blood as to destroy their crystals is to cure Rheumatism. To accomplish this, Charles Dinnin, a well-known Pharmacist of Brooklyn, N. Y., has met with unusual success in providing, as he terms, a "certain cure" for this terrible disease. Attention is called to his advertisement in another column of our paper.

MONEY MUSK.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair,
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, "Honor to the ladies!" All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

D-O-W-N comes the bow on every string,
"First couple join right hands and swing!"
And light as any blue-bird's wing
"Swing once and a half time round!"
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hand to keep her down,
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once!
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset!
He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!
I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,
You clumsy fellow!" "Pass below!"
And the first pair dance apart.
Then "Forward six!" advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street;
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet
And the Money Musk by heart!

"Three-quarters round your partner swing
Across the set!" The rafters ring.
The girls and boys have taken wing,
And have brought their roses out!
'Tis "Forward six!" With rustic grace,
Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace,
They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—"Right and left!"
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in living weft,
And the Money Musk is done!
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

Are Your Congress Shoes Insured?

WHERE Insured? In Boston, at the office of **Hub Gore Makers,** the largest manufacturers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on the *inside of the Elastic* is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

HUB GORE A TRADE MARK

HOW Insured? By this **Legal Document** which accompanies the shoes.

THE ELASTIC IN A CONGRESS SHOE IS CALLED "GORE."

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures *to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for* **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** *from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl'ds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.*

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed. Albert Herbert Pres't
E. R. Page. Treas.

WHAT Insured?—*The Elastic Gore.*

AGAINST { Shrinking. Fading. Bagging. Losing Shape. Getting Loose. Wearing Out.

SUCH SHOES { Look Better. Fit Better. Feel Better. Last Longer.

WHERE Sold?—*Everywhere.* They cost no more, and come in every desirable grade and make. Write us for list of dealers in your locality.

(Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.)

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT. POWDERED, AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS. 75¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS to LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"*Civil Service Gazette.*"

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

"NOT MUCH," only this,

SLEEPER'S N. & S.

has no equal in America.

Trade-Mark, Registered Dec. 20, 1887.

S. S. SLEEPER & CO., - - Factory, Boston.

MAGEE'S EMULSION

No other proprietary medicine has the indorsement of Physicians to the same extent.

None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.

No other remedy has cured so many cases of

CONSUMPTION

and other Pulmonary Diseases.

SCROFULA

is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomach without nausea.

IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

MAGEE'S EMULSION

Ask your Druggist for it, and take only that labeled

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

French and Scotch Cotton Dress Fabrics.

Our position as one of the leading and largest importers in the United States enables us to offer our customers the very latest and most desirable goods at exceptionally low prices. Samples of materials will be cheerfully furnished. Orders by mail or express receive prompt attention. Correspondence solicited.

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IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.

If you want **perfection** in fit, with freedom from **corns** and **all discomfort** you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe.** It is acknowledged as the *most comfortable*, the *best wearing* and *most stylish* gentlemen's shoe made in the world,

Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.

The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, *though none approach it in value.*

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, (successors to Burt & Packard) **Brockton, Mass.** Sold by

FACIAL BLEMISHES

The Largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pittings, Facial Development, etc. Send **10** cts. for **128**-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY
DERMATOLOGIST,
210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y.

Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.

SMALL HAVANAS Three-inch Cigar Cadet, $10 Thousand; Opera, $12; Sample Box by mail, 30c. Agents wanted. J. M. Aguero, 246 Sixth Ave., New York.

Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER WROTE:

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps *for general* Toilet Purposes. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest.* It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London **100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP,** has obtained **15** international Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine,* as there are worthless imitations.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

A wide, Shakespearean sweep of brow,
A dome of thought Titanic,
A quick, magnetic nature his,
A spirit strong, galvanic;
He had the wit of Hudibras,
The intellect of Plato,
And every one perceived at once
He was no small potato;
But yet he asked, alas! 'tis true,
"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

And he had deep Websterian eyes
Beneath his brows o'erarching,
His mind kept step to that great tune
To which the world is marching.
Along fame's track we prophesied
He'd be the fastest sprinter—
His intellectual lightning gleamed
Like northern lights in winter;
But yet he asked, the summer thro',
"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

And so his high Shakespearean thought
Was step by step arrested,
His elephantine intellect
Was gradually congested,
His lofty intellectual dome
From day to day grew flatter,
His head so shrank and shriveled up
It terrorized his hatter;
But still he said: "How do you do?
"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

And now his thoughts are very crude,
Inane and embryotic,
He mouths and jabbers all the day
In manner idiotic.
The poor, old, hopeless imbecile,
The jest of all creation,
Lives as a warning to those folks
Who make this salutation:
"Good-morning, friend, how do you do?
"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

Papa (earnestly)—"Didn't I enjoin upon you not to see that young man again?" *Daughter* (quite as earnest)—"Yes, papa; but he came with an order of court to vacate the injunction, and I vacated it."—*Washington Critic.*

A Brooklyn reporter says that the Rev. Dr. Talmage is an expert banjo-player in private. Dr Talmage is given more to twanging golden harps in public on Sunday, the echo of the twang being heard in the syndicate newspapers on Monday.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE BEST SEASON IS NOW ON FOR

AGENTS NEW AND OLD

and **Farmers** to make **$20** to **$50 per week**, during spare time, selling **New Patent Fire Proof Safes**; size 28x18x18; weight 500 lbs.; retail price **$35**; others in proportion. Highest award, Centennial Exposition, 1888. Rare chance; permanent business. Our prices the lowest. We are not in the Safe Pool. Exclusive territory given. Catalogue and full particulars free. Address

ALPINE SAFE CO. CINCINNATI, O.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

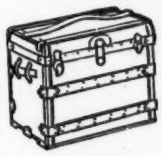
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Repairs Everything.

Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., and everybody who appreciates a good thing uses it.

THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD. 2 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED LONDON 1862, NEW ORLEANS 1884. RUSSIA CEMENT CO. Gloucester, Mass.



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Trunks, Bags, Etc.

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NEW YORK.

WRIGHT & DITSON, FINE LAWN TENNIS.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

"Championship Ball," adopted by the U. S. National, Intercollegiate and Southern Associations for 1889.

Racquets: "Sears' Special," $7.00; "Pettitt" (just out), $5.50; "Longwood," $4.00; "Park," $3.00; "Surprise," $2.00.

Portable Marking Tapes, Columbia Marker, Taylor's Patent Poles, Pettitt Shoes, Tennis Clothing, etc.

580 Washington Street, - BOSTON, MASS.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Price, $1.20 and $1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price 5, 15, and 20 cents. *Of all Stationers.*

Sole Agent S. BLAIR McBATH, 104 & 106 John Street, NEW YORK CITY.

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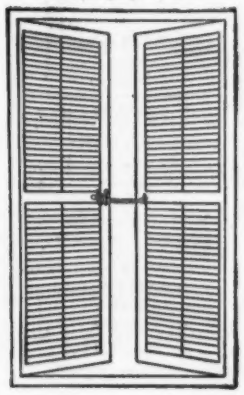

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OUR COUNTRY'S HOPE.

"Man told me 's morning," said one of our best young men, "that Harrison, Indiana man, been elected judge."

"Don't elect judges," said the well-informed best young man, who sucked information daily from two kinds of canes, morning cane and afternoon cane. "President appoints 'em."

"What's president?" asked the best young man, whose mother is his sole support, and she a widow.

"President Harrison; same fellow man told you was 'lected judge."

"Harrison president?" echoed the first best young man, in feeble astonishment. "Why—where's Cleveland? Thought all time Cleveland president."

"Discharged, reckon," said the well-informed best young man, and the convention was thrown into a very maelstrom of doubt, perplexity, and uneasiness as this appalling mystery confronted them so suddenly, when the best young man, who wears his watch-chain outside of his coat, cleared up the matter by explaining:

"Why, Cleveland, he's vice-president now; that's the way it's fixed. Harrison and Cleveland take it turn about."

The best informed young man turned green with envy. "Harrison," he said, "used to be judge once before. Long ago. When he was governor of New York."

He regained, by this clever stroke, his former reputation of being a walking encyclopedia of universal knowledge.

"President's place worth much?" asked the best young man, who clerked in a billiard store and was believed to have vast ideas upon the subject of values.

The best young man, who wears his watch-chain outside his coat, was inclined to think that it was $40 a month and meals, but he was scornfully sneered down by the well-informed best young man, who said it didn't pay a cent under $700 a year and sleep in the store.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

"How is your health, Mr. Blaine?" asked a friend the other day on meeting the secretary of state. The latter paused for a moment, rubbed his hand across his brow and said, musingly, "Let me see, what newspaper did I read last?"—*Utica Herald.*

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35c. Each. BASE BALL CURVER.

Practice 15 minutes with our "Curver" and you can pitch all the curves as well, *if not better*, than a *professional* pitcher. A curve is made by imparting a rotary movement to the ball as it leaves the hand. The "*Curver*" gives a *greater* rotation than is possible by hand, and it results in a *greater curve*. We guarantee its work. Sample and instructions, 35 cents.

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KNEE-BULGED, Baggy, Wrinkled, Shortened PANTS fully restored and kept in fresh, new shape and style by our *perfect Trouser* RE-SHAPER. Sent prepaid for $1.00. ☞ Rich pay to *Road Men*, local Canvassers and Agents;—wanted NOW. Name this paper. TROUSER RE-SHAPER CO., COLUMBUS, O.

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118 Nassau Street, 118, New York.

Do you know of anything that embodies more truth than may be found in the following lines:

Man's ingress in life is naked and bare,
His progress, trouble and care,
His egress none can tell where
But if he is a good fellow here
He will be a good fellow there.

A THRILLING SOCIAL EPISODE.

There was a young lady named Moll
Who purchased a new parasol
With a handle so long
That she had to be strong
Or she couldn't have lugged it at all.

She met a young man who, 'twas plain,
Was struggling with might and with main
To steady his gait
'Neath the terrible weight
Of his dreadfully cumbersome cane.

So intent was the beautiful Moll
On lugging her long parasol
That she passed the young swain
With the cumbersome cane
And never once saw him at all.

What a narrow escape for that swain!
Had she recognized him he would fain
Have lifted his hat,
But how could he do that
And carry his cumbersome cane?

—*Washington Post.*

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Valuable Suggestions and Reflections.

We extract the following from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker:*

A REMEDY.—We would suggest to the postmaster-general that he drop a line to the postmaster of this town reading: "MAJ. BILL PERKINS—*Sir:* Either attend to your biz or git, and I'd a little rather you'd git. So would the people of your town. Yours truly, and don't be over a week making up your mind what course to take."

TOO PREVIOUS.—Ever since Harrison's election Col. Hank Taylor, of this town, has been sweating the color out of his blue suspenders in running after office. The office he wanted was boss of the custom-house, and he has been figuring that if he got it he would raise asparagus in his front yard, horse-radish in the back, and put on all the style they do in Chicago. It was only yesterday that he suddenly became aware of the fact that we have no custom-house here for him to boss. What he had always supposed was a government institution of the kind turned out to be Desnoyer's storage-house for bones. Col. Hank has our sympathy in this his hour of deepest trial, but that's the best we can do. We are in no situation to either lend him a shirt or trust him for groceries.

IT MADE US SAD.—Mrs. Judge Shiver passed the *Kicker* office at 11 o'clock Tuesday night in a state of happy inebriation, being on her way home from a high lager beer given by Mrs. Prof. Westonhouse at her elegant mansion on Bronco Place. Mrs. Judge was dragging her new bonnet along the ground by the starboard tie and softly singing about pansy blossoms. We were sitting on the front steps in the gentle moonlight, thinking of the past and gone, and the event saddened us more than we can express. We had a mother once. She was not beautiful, and splitting wood while our dear father talked politics at the grocery made her lop-shouldered, but she was good and temperate. Suppose she had been in the habit of getting slewed? Where would we have been to-day? Instead of being at the head of a great weekly paper like the *Kicker*, which also runs a harness-shop, grocery, feed-store, and bazar in connection, all under one economical management and the same roof, we should doubtless have inhabited a convict's garb in some state prison. Veni, vidi, curanter, which, if we remember correctly, means: "The mother makes the man what he is."

A SUGGESTION.—We have nothing in particular against the government, neither do we wish Indian-agent Babcock any harm. It seems to be our duty, however, to call his attention to the fact that he is making an ass of himself, and that he can resign any time within the next three weeks. If we were running this government we'd run him head-first into the soil about the first thing we took hold of after breakfast Monday morning.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

It doan't pay to do much talkin' w'en you'm mad enuff to choke,
'Kase de word dat stings de deepes' am de one dat's nebbah spoke;
Let de udder fellow wrangle till de stohm am blowed away,
Den he'll do a pile ob thinkin' 'bout de things you didn't say.

Spec' de leetle blue-eyed daisy, peepin' fru de medder soil,
Though it ain't no tow'rin' oak tree, has its sheer ob hones' toil;
Spec' de red rose in de garden, blushin' 'neath de June day sun,
Nebbah scatters o'er de grass tops till its wuck at home am done.

'Taint de chap dat's allus kickin' kase de worl' ain't jes' his size
Dat'll lib on roasted 'possum in dat 'lan beyond de skies;
Dar's a likely soht o' blessin' eben wid de hardes' lot,
But de one dat looks de bigges' am de one you habn't got.

Spec' de grey squir'l snubs de chipmunk kase his color ain't jes' right,
But w'en guns bang in de wood lot, chipmunk sleeps de bes' at night.

'Bout de smahtes' chap I knows on is de one dat doan' git leff,
'Kase he spen's his loafin' minnits gittin' 'quainted wid hisseff.

Nebbah quarrel wid yo' nabur 'kase his 'ligion doan' seem soun',
Lots ob roads dat staht out dif'rent wriggle roun' to de same town.
Though yo' lot in life am grubbin' in a crooked 'tater row,
Allus' hol' yo' head up firmly, as you'm trab'lin to an' fro.

—*John Russell Fisher in Detroit Free Press.*

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Rooms $1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot, free.
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HOTEL BRESLIN, LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J. 1,200 feet above tidewater; no mosquitoes, no malaria; fine bass-fishing, Rapid and convenient train service; 50 miles from New York on main-line of D., L. & W. R. R. Will open for season of 1889, SATURDAY, June 15. For information address GEO. M. BROCKWAY, Manager, Gilsey House, New York.

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Invites Comparison with the Best Summer Hotels.
Open Saturday, June 22d.
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SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
OPEN JUNE 22d TO OCTOBER.
Accommodates 1,000 guests. Rates, $3 to $4 per day, according to location of rooms; by the week, $17.50 to $28.
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OPENS JUNE 25. RATES REDUCED.
$21 a week and upward during July.
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Situated on Main Street, opposite the Sulphur Bath Houses. Send for circular and terms. Pamphlet descriptive of New Bath and Inhalation Building and European Methods of using Sulphur Water, mailed on application.
THOMAS K. SHARP.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Hooman life drots along mit itself in pooty goot order, vhen efery feller his pishness minds.

Der tuyfel keebs a blace vhere brimshtone und polydicks vas der cheef inkredients,

Der vorld vasshafe a short time memory. You got to jog dot ting ockasionally or he vil fergot about you.

Dots besser you dond vas run in debt for reshpectabilidy.—*Natural Weekly.*

The other afternoon, after a school in Dooly county had been dismissed, two of the little boys had a row over a knife that each wanted to make a whistle with. After a considerable race the boy with the knife escaped. The disappointed boy met a stranger in the road and accosted him thus: "Say mister, yer in't seen nary boy down the road there with my knife, and looks like his name is Bob, is yer?"—*Savannah News.*

FLESS & RIDGE, JUDGE PRINTERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

A TUG OF WAR.

If the strain is kept up much longer somebody is going to be hurt.